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The Two Guides

AND OTHER POEMS

T. M. SAMPLE

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Your friend,
J. M. Sample

THE TWO GUIDES

AND OTHER POEMS

By
T. M. SAMPLE

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INSCRIPTION.

To Our Loving Mother dutifully inscribed;
as, also, to my friend, Prof. W. D. Powell,
who gave me the benefit of unsparing criticism
as well as kind encouragement.

THE AUTHOR.

THE TWO GUIDES.

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INDEX.

	Page
The Two Guides	5
The Story of Eden	26
Merit	50
The Old-Time Mill and Miller	52
October	56
An October Day	57
A Rainy Day in Autumn	58
Bacchus and Pallas	60
My Cottage Home	62
Home Coming of the Toilers	63
He Smiled	65
R. E. Lee	67
The Blue and the Gray	69
The Battle of Gettysburg	70
Dreaming	75
A Summer Day in Tennessee	78
Over the Sea	79
The Violet	81
Beneath the Rafters	83
Transitorys	85
Mother's Vacant Chair	86
The Guardian Angel	88
Night Brings out the Stars	90
Unvoiced Melody	92

THE TWO GUIDES.

A stranger here man knows himself to be—
Whence come, or whither going, cannot see.
Lost in the darkness, seeks his way to find,
While self-appointed guides confuse his mind.
First, Mammon tempts him with Earth's glitt'ring gold,
And all her riches to his sight unfold;
But evanescent these and shall decay;
The gold corrodes, and riches fly away.
Ambition holds aloft Fame's laurel crown,
And offers unto him the world's renown;
To reach it, he must hear despairing groans,
Or pass o'er fields of blood, or dead men's bones;
And if attained the worthless wreath will turn
To ashes, fall into oblivion's urn.
The rest among, Science and Religion stand,
And ask to guide him to his native land.

Mysteries.

There is so much to learn, so little known,
That wise men want of knowledge freely own.
Scarce any subject but at last defies
Complete analysis, howe'er one tries.
With finite things, infinitudes are found,

Transcending mind by limitations bound.
By synthesis we build whereon to stand,
And thus a more extensive view command;
But little more the added heights disclose—
Infinity encircles all man knows.
Man's boasted science, painfully acquired
By plodding toil, however much desired,
Is scarce an entrance; learning's vast domain,
Still undiscovered, must in doubt remain.
For immortality the soul doth crave;
But science buries all within the grave.
The Earth her mortal agencies employs;
She fosters for awhile, and then destroys.
The weak, the strong, the servile and the great,
Cannot escape the end enjoined by fate.
Inevitably, the fated hour draws nigh
When he who pens these lines, like all, must die.
So far as Science can this fact explain,
We know not we shall ever live again.
Religion, in most comprehensive terms,
Faith in the supernatural affirms.
With nature consonant, all Science deals
With facts alone, which natural law reveals.
The scientists believe what nature tells;
Religionists in nature's God as well.
As in the useful arts applied, we find
That Science aids the welfare of mankind,
Adds to their comforts, happiness promotes,
As man attention to these things devotes.

The sum of knowledge will increase yet more,
And greater blessings will be found in store.
Of ascertained phenomena, the cause,
Effects, relations, and the primal laws
Which govern them, as traced by greater skill
And learning, shall develop wonders still.
All this however, cannot satisfy
The soul's desire for immortality.
Beyond the known, the unknown region lies;
Responsive spirit calls, though sense denies.
Within the soul a consciousness is placed
Of unseen things that cannot be effaced.
True knowledge is a blessing, rightly used;
Injurious, whene'er by man abused.
Like as a traveler who gropes in night
His way to find with but a lamp's dim light,
Small is the space the feeble rays illume;
Outside this circle, make intenser gloom;
So those who trust to Science all they need
Shall find in it a guide who 's blind indeed;
The little learning they so much adore
Obscures their minds to Wisdom's better lore.

Infinities.

Infinitudes touch us on ev'ry hand,
Which in a measure, we can understand.
In nature's book, if searched aright, we find
True revelations of Infinite Mind.

We, through the senses, things of sense perceive,
By which we form conceptions and believe;
And with the understanding we can draw
Conclusions, and determine what is law
From known relations and from facts possessed,
And then submit it to empiric test.
What of that knowledge, which this rule disdains,
Yet in our conscious being still remains?
A reasoning as cause to cause relates,
A Great and Primal Cause necessitates;
One that is infinite and absolute.

Trinity.

We cannot comprehend these attributes
Though Reason did discover them. We see
A Trinity—A Great First Cause in Three;—
The Christian's Triune God, in part explained;—
The utmost height which knowledge has attained
Alone, without the aid of Word Inspired,
By which all further Truth must be acquired.
In God, the Great First Cause, there is defined
The executions of Infinite Mind;
In Christ, the Son, creative power displayed;
For by Him all created things were made;
The Spirit brooded o'er all things create,
Gave form and life to creatures animate.
The Word was clothed in flesh, dispelled our night
By bringing immortality to light.
The world its Maker never recognized

Until upon the cross He agonized;
The sun then ceased to shine, the rocks were cleft,
And nature mourned as of its God bereft;
The veil was rent, the Earth with sorrow shook,
And shrouded dead their sepulchres forsook.
The trinities in nature recompense
The thoughtful mind that gives them diligence.
Earth, air and water, far as known, compose,
In general terms, the world; and thus disclose
This truth. Roots, trunk, and branches, form a tree;
Bark, sap, and fibre, with this fact agree.
Extension, character, and form, we claim,
Describe whatever object we can name.
The mind of man presents a trinity,—
Perceptive, conceptive, judiciary;
For by the first, all objects are perceived;
And by the second, is their form conceived;
The faculty of judgment measures size,
Determines character, and classifies.
Thus man, in image of his Maker formed,
To God's triunal likeness is conformed.
Man's nature, in completeness, is expressed
When said of body, mind, and soul possessed.
We could these illustrations multiply,
But useless would it be as to deny
This mystery. If knowledge be confined
To bounds empiric and be thus defined,
And abstract reasoning entire refused,
We'd little know, that little more confused.

Limitations to Knowledge.

Familiar objects, daily of concern,
Investigated closely, we discern
Some mystery, which sought, eludes our clasp,
Hides in infinitudes beyond our grasp.
Volition, motion, growth, are used to show
Life's evidences; nothing do we know
Of life itself; philosophers in vain
Make search for it, but never it attain.
Men, in attempt their knowledge to display
With learned words, their ignorance betray.
With visionary pictures occupied
The vanity of man is satisfied.
In boyhood's days a trifle could amuse;
Abstruse philosophy the sage pursues;
The difference is small; age but requires
A change of toys to meet his changed desires.
Both boy and man a fleeing rainbow chase,
'Which, as they follow flies,' and lose the race.
Endeavor to describe a leaf, we say
'Tis green, reflecting only that one ray
Of light; we see that this is so, but why?
Molecular construction, we reply;
But why thus made? no answer is returned,
For that is something more than we have learned.
How idle then to say that we'll believe,
As fact, naught else but what we can conceive
In perfect concept, fully comprehend;

Beyond this limit many things extend
Of which we have a consciousness complete;
Although, empiric rules they will not meet;
And boasted Science had been much curtailed
If certitude in ev'rything prevailed.
Pure mathematics, in the main abstract,
Considers quantities unknown in fact;
And e'en in this, perfection unattained,
Repeating decimals are unexplained.
Its rudiments are simple; yet, combined,
Their higher reaches tower beyond the mind.

Measures of Time.

We live amid infinitudes; of some
We to a partial understanding come.
Thus, day and night, sunlit, and sunless skies,
Divisions natural of Time comprise.
We see the setting and the rising sun,
And know when day is ended, night begun.
Appreciable to us are day and night,
And make us conscious of Time's onward flight.
The days, computed, months and years relate,
Give each event of history its date;
And by chronometers we subdivide
The passing hours as into days they glide.
The dial plate observed, as hands move slow,
We almost see the moments as they go.
We know with Time the ages were begun;
Time and Eternity are surely one.

Beginning there was none, nor end shall be;
Incomprehensible Eternity!
Past centuries, and cycles yet to come,
Together added , their united sum
Subtracted from Eternity, 'tis plain,
Eternity would after all remain.
The cliffs, moss-covered, worn, and gray with age,
The crumbling monuments, which oft engage
The minds of antiquaries, and the Earth,
Far backward pointing to its ancient birth,
'Waxed as a garment old,' can but impress
Time's flight upon our mental consciousness.

Measures of Space.

Drawn East and West, at equal distance placed,
Are lines of latitude, these interlaced
By those of longitude; when measured by,
On trackless ocean, mariners descry
Their true position, and their course command
The same as if they traveled on the land.
E'en to the stars the distances are known,
And other worlds are measured like our own.
Three barley corns were called an inch, at first;
How simply does this sound when now rehearsed;
And yet to it our measurements are traced;
On it is English mensuration based.
The rule, employed most in the building art,
Shows distance measured to the smallest part.
All measured distance is a part of Space;

This fact our minds with certitude embrace;
But as to Space, unlimited extent,
It is impossible of measurement.
The mind grows giddy in attempt to trace
God's boundless realm, illimitable Space,
And lost, far out, where unknown stars shed light,
Falls hurtling back down from unmeasured height.
And if, to far off Orion, one sphere
Filled all the distance, it would still appear
That Space had not been lessened;—void, and vast—
Forever undiminished to the last.

Beauty.

Without an object, we cannot define
What Beauty is; yet Beauty is Divine,
Infinite, and in objects sometimes shows,
As on the Summer's cloud the sunlight throws
The matchless rainbow in the falling rain;
But, in themselves no beauty they contain.
Fair forms and colors Beauty will disclose,
As may be seen in dew-bespangled rose,
Or maiden's cheek, when youth and health unite
To give the laughing eyes their sparkling light,
To mingle sunshine with the locks of gold,
To give the rounded form its graceful mould,
To pouting lips the tempting curves and smiles,
To rosy cheeks the blush that swains beguiles—
But see the rose again when it is dead,
And all the color from its petals fled;

'Tis now an ugly weed, which we despise;
And so the maid, when sorrow from her eyes
Takes all the laughter, age her beauty mocks,
Steals all the gold, leaves only snow-white locks,
Then mars the symmetry of form and face,
And leaves no longer beauty, charm or grace.
A place must be where blows no chilling breeze;
Where fadeless verdure clothes the fields and trees;
Where flowers in eternal freshness bloom,
And where decay has never cast its gloom.

Music.

By organs undeveloped, Music dwells
In Silence; an infinitude, it wells
From out infinite harmonies to charm
With melody, and Discord's power disarm.
When Discord entered the Edenic home,
And man was driven out, compelled to roam
A hopeless wanderer, alone, and left
Of Heavenly companionship bereft,
Save Music only, it would still attend
Him as a constant, never-failing friend.
In depths æolian, a dwelling place
Has Music found, in which it still can trace
Man's wand'ring footsteps wheresoe'er they go,
Beguile his toil, and blunt the thorns of woe.
In woodland shades, where broods the turtle dove,
Borne on the winds come whisperings of love,
Voiced softly in the gentle Summer breeze

Mid rustling leaves, the drowsy hum of bees
That stir investing air with busy wings,
The song of thrush who from the treetops sings,
The murmur of the brook, sweet, soft, and low,
As over pebbly bed its waters flow;—
But, grander far than these, when Love inspires,
The human voice angelic power acquires;
Which, joined in unison with organ strain,
Exalts our spirits Heavenward again.
When fair Aurora blushes in the Dawn,
As from her couch Night's curtains are withdrawn,
Apollo waking, bids the shadows fly,
Flings wide the day, and boldly mounts the sky;
Then Music hails its god, whose lyre of gold
Gives voice to vocal melody untold.
In Nature's chorus grand, in which are notes
From strings innumerable, and from throats
Attuned with angel choirs, a mighty song
Sweeps on, the very vault of Heaven along;
As upward to the Gates of Pearl it soars,
We hear the echoes from immortal shores.

Silence.

Silence is unvoiced Harmony at rest,—
Forever undisturbed,—upon whose breast,
Deep-bosomed, resting, Universal Peace;
Where Discord terminates, and Strife shall cease.
Discords to things material relate,—
Are foreign to the Universal State.

Disharmony its own self will efface,—
In Universal Being has no place.

Justice.

The noble attribute of Justice stands
Adorned with kingly power, and still commands
The reverence and homage of mankind;
It is expression of Infinite Mind,
And weighs the balances 'tween right and wrong,
Defends the weak, restrains the bold and strong,
Protects the home, the bulwark of the State,
The poor man's shield, and honor to the great,
The base, where rest the social virtues pure,
A fortress, making Liberty secure.

The Two Oceans.

Go stand on ocean beach, and cast your eyes
Where swelling waters meet the bending skies;
Its vast immensity will first impress
You with a sense of awe and helplessness;
Then, speechless wonder, as its bosom wide
Pulsates and throbs with each diurnal tide.
The ocean is indeed the Earth's great heart;
Its influence is felt in ev'ry part;
Its wide expanse of surface vapor yields
That falls in showers of rain on distant fields,
And makes the flowers to bloom, the grass to grow,
And fruits to ripen in Autumnal glow;
For future store, matures the golden grain

On fruitful hillsides, and each teeming plain;
With foliage adorns the forest trees
That wave in splendor to the Summer breeze;
Supplies the limpid springs and pastures green,
Where grazing herds and peaceful flocks are seen;
The streams collect in channels in their course,
Returning thus again into their source.
Were there no ocean, there would be no rain,
No verdant fields, nor food-supplying grain;
The flowers would fade and die, no grass would grow,
Streams, unreplenished, would no longer flow;
All life would end in universal dearth,
And desolation waste a desert Earth.
Again, imagination seeks to find,
In ocean depths, the treasures yet unmined
Of coral bloom, and gems, and sunken gold,—
Unmeasured wealth, the secrets still untold.
These things your knowledge tells you of the sea,
With which the facts around you well agree.
Though small the part your vision can explore,
You know it is the same from shore to shore.
So is the ocean of Infinite Love:—
Its shores are Earth below, and Heaven above.
Goodness and Mercy from its bosom rise,
And fall in showers of blessings from the skies,
In Holy Charity return again
To God, relieving want, assuaging pain,
And planting flowers of Hope in far off lands,
In desert places, on the burning sands,

In snowy passes of cold Alpine heights—
Where e'er the wand'ring foot of man alights.
Each good impulse that prompts a righteous deed,
Or moves the heart to help another's need,
Each holy thought that purifies our minds,
And ev'ry tie which pure affection binds,
Is due to Love Infinite; which alone
Can break our stubborn wills and hearts of stone.
Two bright-winged messengers, in tireless flight,
Recross this Ocean from the Courts of Light;
Their names are Faith and Hope, wherever known;
They bear our messages to Heaven's throne.
Golconda's gems, and Ceylon's pearls, combined,
With all the gold that industry has mined,
Together with what lies in Earth concealed,
Is naught compared with wealth still unrevealed
Of Love Infinite, which shall blessings pour
Upon the faithful in an endless store.
"Eye hath not seen nor ear hath heard," the great
Things which God has prepared for those who wait.

God is the Centre of Infinitudes.

Religion proves that each infinitude
Goes out from God, the centre of all good.
In searching them, though slowly we must plod,
We tread in paths which lead us on to God.
Though simply relative is all we know,
And short the distance which our minds can go,
This fact our weakness should at least console,

Knowledge is part of the Infinite Whole.
Sweet consolation! How the bright thought cheers!
We'll go on learning through eternal years!
So when Religion turns our night to day,
Science becomes a servant to obey.
Man was an orphan, lost, and in disgrace,
Until Religion showed a Father's face.
Were there no hope beyond this world, how vain
Would be this life, with all its grief and pain;
Dark-robed Despair would thinking minds becloud;
With ev'ry thought would rise the grave and shroud.
And cast their blighting shade; one might as well
Declare the felon happy in his cell,
His execution pending, as that man
Could find enjoyment in this life's brief span,
Still knowing that the grave must be the end,
And that beyond it Hope could not extend;
And, if he could, unenvied be his case,
For carnal pleasures will the mind debase.
Those who upon this world all thought bestow,
More base and bestial in their natures grow.
But when Religion plants in realms afar,
Beyond the grave, Hope's bright and shining star,
All those who place on it their constant gaze,
Are lifted high above Earth's murky maze,
Where Heaven's pure air and brighter sunshine spreads
Bright aureoles of light around their heads.
And as a traveler, fatigued, at length

Partakes refreshment to increase his strength,
E'en so, the christian thankfully divides
The little good that ev'ry day provides;
And e'en the crosses, which his patience tries,
Advance his journey, loosen earthly ties.
Superior to pain and mortal strife,
Death is his gateway to Eternal Life.

The Law of Unity.

God's Beauty, Music, Harmony, and Love,
Reach us like golden sunlight from above.
We see His Beauty in each blushing rose;
His Music swells in ev'ry breeze that blows;
His Peace our own hearts know when in accord;
We feel His Love in Christ our gentle Lord.
First principles, if known, unfold their laws—
But rather reason from effect to cause.
Things of experience we comprehend.
Those things, non-relative, which still extend
Beyond our knowledge, we can judge alone
By what is relative, that which is known.
Religion claims that God revealed to man
A Special Revelation, and a Plan
Of Moral Government; does it agree
With Nature's laws? investigate, and see.
Far back, before all time—the fact portrayed,
In words sublime, "God, in the beginning, made
The Heavens and Earth, and all which they contain."

What other cause creation can explain?
Cosmogonists may search for protoplast,
The Bible Truth prevails in this at last.
"All men have sinned" The Book of God declares;
This, with our conscience, perfectly compares.
The Moral Law obedience demands
To Virtue's precepts, rectitude commands;
The histories of man its Truth construe;
Our sense of guilt affirms that it is true.
He, who upon himself, thought inward turns,
Will find that Good from Evil he discerns;
That, in himself, he has the power to choose
The Good, that which is Evil to refuse;
Therefore, responsibility is laid
Upon him in the choice that must be made.
A subject, then, of Moral Law, he must
Esteem such law as needful, wise, and just;
And man's Creator could alone design
A Moral Government, or could assign
To man his duties, with the right to claim
Obedience and homage to His Name.
Philosophy to man the fact has taught
That ev'rything is with relation fraught
To all existences; in Moral Law,
You can analagous relations draw.
With Universal Being, we exist
In harmony—else, rebels, we resist
The Law of Unity, and separate,
Rebellious from the Universal State.

So Reason and Religion both agree
That Sin is infinite in its degree.
The soul would still pursue its downward flight
In "Outer Darkness" of Eternal Night,
Did not Omnipotence divert its course,
And save; for Sin is a tangential force
That sends the soul away from God, to roam,
Like "wand'ring star," still further from its home.
If back to orbital relation brought,
A Power, centripetal, must needs be sought
Omnipotent in means. That Force is Love,
Revealed in Christ, Who "Came down from above,"
And reached to man His own humanity,
That man might grasp by Faith this wondrous tie,
And thus be lifted up, and Peace attained,
Heirship restored, his lost estate regained.

Christ the True Revelation of Divinity.

Christ said, "That he who hath Me seen, likewise,
Hath seen My Father;" and, "He who denies
Me as the Christ, rejects My Father, too;
For we are one;" and "Those things which I do,
My Father has commanded; then believe
On Him Who sent Me, and by Faith receive
Life Everlasting." Therefore, it is shown
That only through the Christ can God be known.
The Attributes of Deity we find
In Christ, the gentle Savior of mankind.

"*The Master.*"

Those things which have us in control, obeyed
Him as their Master and His power displayed.
When the loud tempest roared in fury wild,
Like as a father to a fretful child,
He said, "Be still;" and at that calm behest,
The winds were hushed, the waves were lulled to rest.
When His disciples toiled all night in vain
Upon the storm-tossed deep, He came again,
Walking upon the waves; and as before,
The sea was calmed, and soon they reached the shore.
At Cana's wedding feast, His presence blessed
The Marriage Sacrament; where He as guest,
Divine approval gave; and there, among
The innocent enjoyments of the young,
Supplied for them the vintage of the vine
By changing water into sparkling wine.
"All manner of disease" obeyed His word.
The blind received their sight, the deaf ones heard.
The grave could not from Him its victims keep;
His voice awoke the dead as from a sleep.
When Lazarus, His friend, received the call
Of Death—which must, sometime, come to us all—
The Master said, "He sleepeth;" when He came
Unto the tomb, He simply called his name,
And Lazarus heard the Savior, and awoke;
He heard because it was the Lord who spoke.
And when to Calvary Christ came at last,
"The bitter cup of death" could not be passed.

More than the Roman nails or cruel spear,
It was our sins that nailed the Savior there;
Our sins that made the spear-thrust in His side—
It was for our redemption Jesus died.
While hanging on the Cross, He heard the jeers
Of mockery, the gibes, and hateful sneers
From mocking throngs, exulting in His death;
And yet, so great His love, with latest breath,
While suffering Death's agonizing throes,
He begged forgiveness for His murd'rous foes.
His Holy Mother stood near by, and gazed
With anguished looks upon Her Son. He raised
His loving eyes to Her's in mute caress—
Those eyes so full of love and tenderness—
Then looked from Her to John and said, "Behold
Your son." "That loved disciple" then He told
"To look upon His Mother." Thus He blest
The one who oft had leaned upon His breast.
One of the thieves who was suspended there,
In penitence, addressed to Christ his prayer;
Though dying, Jesus heard the sinner's cries,
And promised him a place in Paradise.
When into darkness Heaven and Earth retired,
He cried aloud, "'Tis finished," and expired.
Death, until then, possessed unbroken reign;
But Jesus in the grave could not remain;
And on the third, appointed day, He rose,
A Mighty Conqueror o'er all His foes.
On life's tempestuous sea, when storms arise,

And griefs and troubles cloud your moral skies,
Call Him Who stilled the waves on Gallilee;
He'll hear your prayer, and do the same for thee.
When toiling in the night of doubts and fears,
And vain and fruitless all your toil appears,
Fear not; though many dangers threaten thee,
The Lord is near you, walking on the sea.
The saddest hour that human life attends
Is when the Reaper parts us from our friends;
Yet, when some loved one heeds the Final Call,
The Master comes and lifts the funeral pall
And says, "He sleepeth, free from care and strife,
To be awakened in Eternal Life."
From Earth to Heaven all the way is bright;
The footprints of the Master are its light;
For He, Himself, has traveled all the Way
That leads from Darkness to Supernal Day.
Make Him your Guide, your Brother, and your Friend,
And naught of evil can your path attend.

THE STORY OF EDEN.

In vain endeavor Eden to locate,
To place the bounds of man's primeval state,
No two have ever like opinions held—
A mystery by learning not dispelled.
A few have tried with wordy skill to show
That where Euphrates and the Tigris flow
Together, forming one great stream, that there,
Near Persia's gulf, 'neath sunny skies, was where
The Garden, filled with ev'ry fruit and tree,
To taste most pleasant, beauteous to see,
Was planted by the Lord for man's abode;
And that these rivers 'round its borders flowed.
But, even this, not all demands quite fill
Of Scripture definition; therefore, still
The place remains in doubt; we know no more
When all is studied, than we knew before.
They must have had a habitation fair;
So says the Word of God, and tells us where.
Beyond God's Word let no man further go;
Accept by faith whate'er thou canst not know.
To eat of ev'ry fruit, a perfect leave
The Lord had given Adam and his Eve,
Except one tree, that in the garden grew,
For should they eat of it, death would ensue.

Man disobeyed; and Sin, the fatal cost,
Drove him from Eden, and the race was lost.

Eden Located.

Genesis, 2 chapter, 10 and 14 verses.

Excuse in me presumption, if I find,
Man's Paradise, by Bible bounds defined,
On lands in Asia Minor, near the high,
Bold mount of Ararat, that lifts to sky
Some seventeen thousand feet, and is the source
Of rivers four, that to the seas still course
In channels, necessarily the same
As at the first they flowed; but, as to name,
The names of two, description given, fill;
The Upper Tigris, called Hiddekle still;
Euphrates, also; these both southward flow,
Uniting, reach the Persian Gulf below.
The other two have since then, changed in name;
But, otherwise, they still remain the same.
One Northward flows into the Euxine sea;
We find that it with Pison doth agree;
The other, Eastward, finds a crooked way;
No doubt 'twas Eden's Gihon in that day.
There sev'ral sources, close together found
E'en at this day, might from the same earth mound
Their streams have parted, as in story told;
Diverging, onward to the seas have rolled.
Caucassas is the name of this fair clime;
In climate mild, in scenery sublime.

'Tis here the white, or ruling race of man,
Find both their name and origin began.
Still semi-tropical, one endless Spring
The seasons all, the gen'rous soil doth bring,
In great abundance, fruits of ev'ry zone;
Whatever grows elsewhere, may here be grown.
The peach, banana, apple, wheat, and rye,
And barley, coffee, tea, 'neath sunny sky,
Were here produced; and beasts of ev'ry kind
Of use to man, their origin here find.
The climate mild, of course much milder then,
For reasons plainly known to learned men;
No biting cold, nor heat, then to oppress;
No need for fire; and less, for cumbrous dress.
And birds, of gorgeous plumage, trees among,
The groves of fadeless green made glad with song;
The wealth of fruit and bloom could not be told,
And limpid fountains washed the sands of gold;
Angelic messengers were often there,
And wings of angels fanned the perfumed air.

Representatives.

As representatives, at least, we find
That Eve and Adam were the first mankind.

Eastward in Eden.

Genesis, 2 chapter, 8 verse.

And Eastward, planted by the hand of God
In Eden, was this Garden, angel-trod.

Thus, Eastward, where the rosy-mantled morn
Announced the coming of the day, new-born;
And where the sun's first rays should gild its bowers.
And brightly beam on dew-bespangled flowers;
So man was placed with face toward the Light
Who drives away the dark-robed Queen of Night;
And to the Light his eyes should ever be,
The source of knowledge, life and liberty.
With face toward where first the sun doth rise,
Each man lies buried when at last he dies.
When morning stars, that march in rear of night,
Do first appear, and grayish streaks of light
Obliquely shoot athwart the Eastern sky,
All nature, waking, knows that day is nigh;
Its coming hails with ev'ry note of joy;
The flowers, like blushing maidens, meek and coy,
Who, through the darkness, wept the absent sun,
And shed their dewy tears, now ev'ry one,
In gorgeous beauty dressed, salutes the day,
Who gently kisses all their tears away.
All migratory insects seek the light
At morn. They feast at noon, which stops their flight.
Explaining why they march in Eastward line
Instead of Westward, at the day's decline.
'Mong all the objects we behold, not one
Compares in splendor with the rising sun;
And thus the East became, as well it might,
The symbol of the source of heat and light.

An allegory, this descriptive part
Of Eden; thus considered, will impart
A simpler meaning; we begin to see,
What, otherwise, remains a mystery.

Man was to keep his Eden as he had received it.

Genesis, 2 chapter, 15 verse.

A duty, God, upon them, did impress,
To keep this pretty garden, tend, and dress.
This task, important, they were asked to do.
No useless weeds where better things then grew,
Must be allowed to cumber Eden's soil;
And this, to them, was but an easy toil.
God gave abundance, bounteous, profuse;
'Twas theirs to make of it the proper use.
And He, who e'en of little birds takes care,
Surrounds us, too, with plenty, and to spare;
Its rightly using doth us all behoove,
For blessings, wrongly used, to curses prove.
Immortal souls, of uncomputed worth,
Are given us; in value, more than earth,
With all its treasures, which shall fade anon,
And leave no trace behind; our souls live on.
How we should tend them then with jealous care,
That weeds of vice and sin may grow not there;
That righteous fruitage, at the Harvest Day,
May gathered be, and not be cast away.
The children given to our care, are pure
In innocence; let not the tempter lure

Them from the Path of Virtue into shame;
If we neglect them, great will be the blame.

Cut down the weeds, destroy the brier and thorn,
That naught there be to choke the growing corn.
We clothe our children, give them daily food,
With zealous care attend their worldly good,
And yet, forget the soul, the better part,
The cultivation of the mind and heart.
Among the duties that to us belong,
To teach them love for good and hate for wrong;
A reverence for God, and holy things,
And all the bright rewards that Virtue brings;
To lead them to the Holy Church's fold,
That Her protecting bosom may enfold,
With loving discipline, their wayward youth,
And place them firmly in the Way of Truth.
Communications evil, manners spoil;
'Tis there, in ambush, satan tries to foil
The thoughtless mind of youth with tempting snares,
And bind him as his captive unawares.
Your children's company you should guard well;
For oft this road begins the one to Hell.
Be careful what they read. Some books are vile,
Seductive, and, perchance, they might beguile
Your children into sin. In prison walls
Are many who, to books, could trace their falls.
Since love to soul and conscience makes appeal,
And forces willing service, those who feel

Its power, to fear, are strangers; natures base,
Alone are reached by fear; then, in no case
Employ it in correction of your child;
For love's the greater power, although 'tis mild.
Constrain by love, and never doubt control;
For love alone can ever reach the soul.

The Tree that Bore a Dual Fruit.

Genesis, 2 chapter, 17 verse.

The tree that grew a fruit of dual kind,
Must needs have had a soil within the mind.
'Mong all the trees on earth, none can be found,
Like unto this one, growing out of ground.
The tree of life near by to this one stood.
To eat its fruit gave knowledge of the good
With nought of evil; what they ate, made known
Them both. Do good, and good be known alone
May be; but wrong, of both the knowledge brings;
The good, by absence; wrong, by conscience' stings.

The moral gardens, given to our care,
Are just the same; like trees, like fruitage bare.
The good we may appropriate at will;
But of the evil, interdiction still
Forbids its use; yet, like to Adam, choose
To do the wrong; to do the good, refuse.
The sin is not alone in knowing wrong,
For in the doing does the sin belong.
When from the fatal interdicted tree

They ate the fruit, no longer were they free;
But sinners then become, were driven hence
From Eden's fair and peaceful innocence;
Away from God the only source of life;
Away from Eden; Adam and his wife
Bade all adieu; and then, in sad affright,
Went forth to roam in Sin's dark, hopeless night.
A solitary light shone from afar,
And pierced the darkness; 'twas the Morning Star
Of Righteousness, that shot a single ray
Of Hope far in advance of coming day.
For ages, watching for the "Greater Light,"
The cry was, "Watchman, say, what of the night?"

The Woman was first to disobey.

Genesis, 3 chapter, 6 verse.

The story tells us that, the woman, Eve,
Was first the deadly knowledge to receive.
Since girls more soon attain maturity,
They sooner reach accountability.
Between the good and evil, side by side,
They needs must choose, and consequences bide.
For Adam's helpmate God created Eve;
And, it was Eve the Serpent did deceive;
But Adam's error may be found in this,
For Eve's fair sake he gave up Eden's bliss.
Oh, costly folly! Hearkened to her voice,
Instead of God's, and made the fatal choice.
In Kingdoms, and in families, as well,

Discord will usually be found to dwell,
Where right to rule, divinely given first
To man, by usurpation is reversed.
Some fair exceptions to this rule are found;
But, in the main, the argument is sound.
The Marriage Sacrament Christ's Law has trod,
Binds woman to the man, and both to God.
The darkest lines e'er writ on hist'ry's page,
Are those which publish that unholy age,
When wanton luxury debased mankind;
Her bold licentiousness seduced the mind,
And placed in willing bondage all the race;
Who, God forgetting in their deep disgrace,
Sank down to lowest depths in Sin's dark night,
And Virtue, frightened, hid away from sight.

The Eden of Childhood.

When Eve and Adam dwelt in Eden fair,
Before the Serpent, Sin, had entered there,
Angelic presence kept them company;
For with the good they were in harmony.
Then, God did visit them; with Adam talked
As man with man; and Eve and Adam walked
Like happy children through the sunny bowers,
In joy and pleasure spending all the hours.
Sweet Childhood Eden! Let me sing of thee!
A child again I'm longing now to be!
A dove on rapid wings hastes to its nest;
Had I its wings, I'd seek a place of rest;

For now I'm weary, and my heart grows faint
With longings that but augment my complaint.
Still angel presence guards the happy day
Of Childhood now, as then; in bright display
The flowers of pleasure bloom; and hopes as bright,
Upon the mind paint pictures of delight.
Did ne'er you watch a sleeping child, and mark
How sweet the smile when it was dreaming? Hark!
And list for angels; surely one is near;
The rustling of its wings we almost hear.
'Tis said, and truly, that a child withdraws,
Instinctively, from evil men. The cause
Must be an angel whispers them beware,
For reason teaches not such wisdom rare.
And children's questions, and their apt replies,
For long have been a puzzle to the wise;
And we are thus compelled to almost own
A means of knowledge still to age unknown.
Sweet childhood Eden! Glorious and fair!
The time when I, a stranger unto care,
Did think the sunlight was a purer gold;
The flowers in brighter colors did unfold;
The foliage a brighter green did seem;—
A charm, that since, has faded like a dream.
I then could hear a music soft and low,
Made by the brooklet's gently murm'ring flow
O'er pebbly bed, in rustling leaves of trees,
And in the humming of the honey bees,
In apple orchard, in their blossom crown,

Their wings the snow-white petals shat'ring down.
When springtime comes, and vernal breezes blow,
I, sometimes, to the same old orchard go.
The trees now wear again their blossom crown;
I watch the snow-white petals shatter down;
I hear again the humming of the bees,
The murm'ring brook, the rustling in the trees,
But vainly listen for that low sweet strain,
That once I heard, but ne'er shall hear again.

The Tempter.

Genesis, 3 chapter, 1 verse.

The Serpent, subtlest beast that roams in field;
And by its character we see revealed
Sin's double nature; ever serpent like,
In secret places, ready, waits to strike
With deadly fang; and treacherous and vile,
With forked tongue, it does the youth beguile
With subtle speech; sometimes its painted skin
Decoys the unsuspecting in to sin.

Man Sinned Knowingly.

1 Timothy, 2 chapter, 14 verse.

The man was not deceived; the greater shame,
Deserving, therefore, only larger blame.
Men, in a sinful cause, more wilful go;
But women oft'ner are deceived with show.
With them gay Fancy holds a larger sway.
The gaudy colors, and the bright display

Of Fashion's gorgeous pageant, charms their eyes,
Like as the candle's flame the foolish flies;
And Fashion, richly robed, and throned, and crowned
A queen of monarchs, seeking to be gowned
In latest style, her abject devotees
Obey in fear her fanciful decrees.
The wily Satan, always up with dates,
In dressing Vice, consults the fashion plates.
Apparelled like to saints, Vice oft disports
In sacred temples, and in kingly courts.
But, sadder still, in homes, it enters there,
And steals the brightest jewel, leaves despair.
A once fair name it stains with foul disgrace
Repentant tears can never quite efface.
How sad that home, in which there is a name,
Whose whispered mention brings a blush of shame.
Where'er you see a picture face to wall
You'll find a cloud of sorrow over all.
In these unhappy homes, so sad, distressed,
Vice may have entered first a welcome guest,
In form of courtly grace and winning smile,
Yet, with satanic purpose to defile.

Men oft'ner sin with knowledge of the wrong;
Therefore, a greater censure doth belong;
For yielding willing servitude to Sin
Is proof of wicked purposes within.
At first, a thought, or purpose, scarce defined,
Each sinful deed finds lodgment in the mind;

Remaining secret, hid away from sight,
'Til execution brings it forth to light.
Consuming, burning passions sweep the soul
Like storms at sea, when angry billows roll
In disaccord with loud-voiced winds that lash
Them into foaming rage, and lightning's flash,
And deep-toned thund'rous peal, and savage roar,
Reverberating to the farthest shore.
Since "Death by Sin" in Eden entrance made,
The roses of fair Peace began to fade;
Instead of them, the thorns of Strife have grown,—
Ambition, Envy, Pride, and Hate, all sown
By Satan's hand and pestilential breath,
Bring forth their harvests for the jaws of death.
The history of man, told since that time,
Is one long tale of misery and crime.

Ambition.

Genesis, 3 chapter, 5 verse.

To be as gods; Ambition points the way
To earthly fame and royal sceptered sway.
For earthly honors men with zeal aspire,
Forgetting justice in their mad desire
For greatness; what they can not gain by right,
They do not hesitate to take by might.
The poor despised, the weaker trampled down
By men who strive to win some fading crown
Of human fame; though it their heads adorns,
'Tis soon, by Envy, made a crown of thorns.

The passion Envy ever more decries
The worth of that men have; dissatisfies
Them with their lot; engenders spiteful Hate,
A never failing menace to the great.
The joy of things which men by toil attain,
Is oft forgot in effort to obtain
A larger store; they can not happy be
While other men more fortunate they see.
These fiery passions kindle into rage,
And men in fratricidal wars engage.
The earth is crimsoned with the gory stain
Of countless thousands who were battle slain.
Each breeze that blows is laden with the cries
Of orphanage, and broken fam'ly ties;
But onward still the trampling armies go;
The beat of drum more loud than wail of woe;
Beneath their tread, hearts crushed and bleeding lie,
While brothers meet in arms, and fight, and die.

"Conscience makes cowards of us all."

Genesis, 4 chapter, 10 verse.

And Eve and Adam hid themselves from sight;
For evil deeds have ever shunned the light.
The righteous man is bold, and fears no harm;
But sinners tremble at the least alarm.
So, Eve and Adam, filled with guilty fear,
Were hiding when the steps of God drew near.
All trembling, Adam, whom the Lord had made,
Said, "Lord, I heard Thy voice, and was afraid."

A child who disobeys its parent's word,
Will tremble when its parent's voice is heard.
The studied efforts to conceal a sin,
The means of its revealment oft hath been.
In house, with blinds close drawn, and entrance barred,
And lights turned low, is mother's boy; with card
In hand, perhaps the first; the flowing bowl
Is passed around; he drinks; and, lo! his soul
Begins the downward way that ends in shame.
The deadly poison sets his blood aflame,
While bacchanalian mirth the sin derides,
And stills the voice of conscience which abides
Within his heart; despising mother's prayer,
He rushes heedless into deep despair;
For conscience goads, and will attend the knell,
That drives his soul into a drunkard's hell.
Whatever business needs a painted screen,
We may be sure is sinful, low and mean.
The honest merchant keeps an open door,
And lets the light of day into his store.
Your sins in secret, which the world knows not,
If unconfessed, be sure they're not forgot;
And at some future time, you, too, shall hear
The footsteps of the Lord approaching near.

Vain Excuses.

Genesis, 3 chapter, 12 verse.

They both excuses made: Eve placed the blame
Upon the Serpent; the man, in fashion same,

Unmanly, charged the woman with his fall,
And blamed the Lord for making her at all.
Their sons resemble father Adam still,
And to the woman charge life's ev'ry ill.
Man-made excuses make a cov'ring thin
In vain attempt to hide the form of sin;
For its deformity will still be seen;
Though clothed, is naked; and though washed, unclean.

Chief of Follies.

Genesis, 3 chapter, 10 verse.

'Mong all the follies common to mankind,
That one, with God his Maker, fault to find,
Perhaps is greatest. Shall the creature say
To Him, Whom all the hosts of Heaven obey,
Why hast Thou made me thus? for men should know
Their disobedience brought Sin and woe
Into the world; and Death, by Sin, came too;
For God is just, and to His Word is true.
He hateth Sin, and warned men of its curse;
His faithful ministers the same rehearse.
God's providences, often are to men,
So far above their human finite ken,
That some, in doubt, the theory advance
That ev'rything originates by chance.
There's inequality seen ev'rywhere
Between the rich and poor, who mostly heir
Their different conditions from their sires;

Surroundings vicious, breeding low desires,
Environ some from birth; while others, blessed
With Christian homes, a better state attest.
Prosperity seems often to attend
The wicked, and his wealth and power extend;
While good men suffer want and deep distress.
Because Eternal Justice don't redress
These wrongs at once, they seek to lay the blame
On God, and even curse His Holy Name.
Eternal Justice holds eternal sway.
"With God a thousand years are as a day."
Earth's sorrows, man-made, are the bitter gall
Of Sin; man's evil doing caused it all.
Man can not have the power his kind to bless,
But he is able also to oppress.
Antipodal abilities belong
To men, who may do right, but can do wrong.
Since Eden's gate was closed, the awful flow
Of vice and crime has filled the earth with woe.
But, if you look, you'll see amid it, One,
Whose countenance is like the midday sun.
Her trailing robes the Light of Heaven spread
Around the earth. Where'er Her footsteps tread,
The flowers spring up anew; the deserts bloom,
And Hope arises to dispel the gloom.
In one fair hand the keys that will unbar,
And hold celestial gates for man ajar;
The other holds the cross, uplifted high,
Above a darkened world; that ev'ry eye

In one fair hand the keys that will unbar
And hold celestial gates for man ajar,
The other holds the Cross uplifted high
Above a darkened world.

May see its beauty, ev'ry heart be led
To Him Who on it once for sinners bled.

"In the cool of the day."

Genesis, 3 chapter, 8 verse,

The most eventful day that earth has known,
Had closed. The birds unto their nests had flown.
A brooding silence, ominous, profound,
In all the groves of Eden reigned. No sound,
Nor vocal evidence of life. The trees
Stood motionless, unstirred by any breeze,
Like sleepy sentinels; and darker grew
The twilight shades. Like angel's tears, the dew
On weeping flowers. The sun, awhile before,
Had set to rise on Eden nevermore.
Man, hiding in the garden angel-trod,
Was frightened when he heard the voice of God.
In day-time, 'mid the daily toils of life,
Plunged in perplexing cares and noisy strife,
Unheedful quite, we often do things wrong;
Forgetting them while in the merry throng
Of gay companions; but, at set of sun,
When all the labors of the day are done,
While evening quietude comes on apace,
And thoughts, returning, all we've done retrace,
There's something whispers softly in our ear,
"You sinned:"—Gods' voice, His footsteps drawing
near.

The Earth cursed for Man's sake.

Genesis, 3 chapter, 17 verse.

For sake of sinful man, God cursed the earth
With barrenness, and pestilence, and dearth.
Uncultivated, fruits ambrosial grew
For sustenance, and Eve and Adam knew
Not want nor care; nor thought of future need
Distressed their minds, or prompted selfish greed;
The flowers, unharmed by tread of hostile feet,
In dewy morn shed forth their fragrance sweet;
The friendly elements, then in accord
And harmony, together never warred;
No wintry blasts to chill the vernal breeze
Unfading verdure clothed the fields and trees;
No miasmatic vapors anywhere
To scatter deadly poisons in the air;
The groves were vocal with the songs of praise
Of birds of Paradise, whose joyous lays
And thrilling melodies did upward rise,
'Til lost in sweet, soft echoes in the skies;
The lamb, with lion, 'neath the same cool shade,
Lay down together, and was not afraid;
By limpid fountains, and on pastures green,
The beasts in peaceful company were seen,
Before the Serpent wound his slimy coil
Through Eden, all this beauty to despoil.
Throughout the universe was peace and joy;
For there was naught to mar or to destroy;
And Universal Harmony prevailed.

So might it ever, had not Sin assailed.
When Adam sinned, the thunderbolts of wrath
Were loosed; destruction followed in their path;
Confusion took the place of fair accord;
The elements together fiercely warred;
Volcanic fires, with fearful earthquake shocks,
Uptore the mountains, rent the solid rocks;
Fierce lightnings blazed upon the storm-cloud's crest
Jehovah's kindling anger to attest,
While thund'rous peals responded to the roar
Of seas, in fury, dashing 'gainst the shore;
Terrific winds, loosed from their island cave,
Swept madly over land and ocean wave;
A mighty note of discord rolled through space;—
So great as almost planets to displace,
And send them crashing to chaotic night
And nihilistic ruin; so it might,
Had not Jehovah, by His great command,
Let go the blazing comets from His hand,
To haste as flaming messengers, once more,
Mong trembling systems, order to restore.

Forfeited Dominion.

Genesis, 3 chapter, 18 verse.

All things subservient to man had been,
When he was innocent, and knew no sin;
But now, antagonistic, sought his life;
Surrounding him with never ending strife.
The beasts that he had named, and which, at call,

Obeyed his voice as master of them all,
Became to him, and to each other, foes;
The dew distilled a poison in the rose;
Miasmas bred contagion in the air,
And Death, concealed, lay lurking ev'rywhere.
When springtime comes with gentle warmth and showers,
And balmy breezes bring to life the flowers,
Ere summer's fruitage follows buds of spring,
Before the birds have scarce begun to sing,
Cold winter comes along with chilling breath,
And spreads o'er all an icy robe of death.
Instead of fig tree, grows the brier and thorn;
The worthless tares choke out the better corn;
And man, by patient tillage of the soil,
Must earn his bread by unremitting toil.
But Mercy blunts the thorns, and soothes the pain.
What was a curse, a blessing is again,—
Promoting happiness and needful store;—
Redemption's factor to, in part, restore
The earth to what it was, ere Sin had marred,
Or its Edenic beauty soiled and scarred.

"The Tree of Life."

Genesis, 3 chapter, 24 verse.

The Tree of Life: thereto, the way to keep,
A flaming sword was placed; in blazing sweep,
Its burning blade turned ev'ry way to give
To man no hope, "Lest he should eat and live."

'Twas unforgiving Justice; man must die,
God's violated law to satisfy.
In pity angels wept;—their harps unstrung;—
And Heaven's melodies remained unsung,
'Til God in love, devised Redemption's Plan
To save from Death, sin-cursed, and ruined man.

The Promise.

Genesis, 3 chapter, 15 verse.

At first a Star of Promise lit the way,
And gave to man a hope of Coming Day.
In time's ripe fullness came The Second Eve,
Who by the Holy Ghost should soon conceive,—
Herself immaculate,— the Promised Seed;—
From Whom alone salvation could proceed.
Heaven's tall Archangel, at God's own behest,
Left, with Divine authority invest,
Those shining courts. His journey once begun,
He flashed past glitt'ring star and blazing sun
On rapid wing, still on, nor stopt, until
He stood upon a Galileean Hill. —
Before the Holy Virgin Mary stood,
And told Her of Her chosen Motherhood;
That by Divine Conception, She, a Son
Should bear, and name Him Jesus the Promised One.
His birth was told by happy angel throngs.
Judean shepherds heard their joyous songs.
"Glad tidings of great joy" they came to bring.
"To men of good will, peace on earth," they sing.

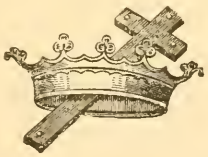
In form of sinful flesh, yet free from stain
Of Sin, with grief acquainted, and with pain,
He lived. He took upon Himself man's yoke
Of guilt, and in His person met the stroke
Of Justice, satisfying Law's demands.
The flaming sword no more uplifted stands
To guard the Tree of Life from those who claim
The merit of His blood and Precious Name.

The Cross.

Galatians, 6 chapter, 14 verse.

The Cross He left a signboard for the Way;
No one need err who will this sign obey.
The Powers of Darkness many things devise
To hide the cross, and cloud our moral skies
With infidelity and unbelief.
In mockery, they offer for relief
False doctrines, calculated to mislead.
Be not deceived with any man-made creed.
Look for the cross, and thither tend thy way,
And it will guide thee to the Perfect Day.
Atonement, purchased once on Calvary
With Jesus' blood, alone can make you free.
It is the Central Truth; all else is vain;
Unheeded, we in Sin must needs remain.
In so-called churches, some have e'en denied
That Christ a Substitute for sinners died.
The Body and the Blood they thus deny,
Without Whose Life their famished souls must die.

Thus Satan tries to lead all men astray;
For if they miss the Cross, they miss the Way.
The Cross was planted by Satanic hate.
They saw their error only when too late.
They've tried e'er since to tear it down, but fail.
The Cross will still o'er all things else prevail.
Above the gloom and darkness of the night,
It is of Hope the only guiding Light.
Against it all the Powers of Sin are hurled;
But lifted high above a sin-cursed world,
Unshaken and unmoved by sinful strife,
It points the way to Everlasting Life.



MERIT.

Love the good, and virtue, knowledge,—
  All that makes a noble man;
And, in whatsoever station,
  Simply do the best you can.

Seek not things too far above you;
  Rather look to where you stand;
Make your footing sure and stable,
  Circumstances thus command.

Spend no time in idle dreaming;
  Wiser far to work instead;
Dreams may satisfy the fancy,
  But the hungry must have bread.

Butterflies amid the meadows
  Are quite beautiful to see,
But the one that gets the honey
  Is the homely busy bee.

Grace of speech, and polished manners,
  Cover defects manifold;
But they cannot pass for merit,—
  Tinsel will not sell for gold.

Piety, that finds expression
In self-sacrificing deeds,
Is the kind that Jesus practiced,
And relieves the poor man's needs.

Words alone have little meaning;
Loud professions small things do;
Boasting oft betrays the braggart,
Let your actions speak for you.

Make your progress all by merit,
It will never guide you wrong;
For the world will judge and place you
In the niche where you belong.

THE OLD-TIME MILL AND MILLER.

Necessities, in common, then
Made strong the brotherhood of men.
By interests and compact bound,
No room for selfishness was found.
Their sturdy virtues paved the way
For all that we enjoy today.
The common weal engaged their thought,
And with united strength they wrought.

They built the house of logs hewn out
Of forest timber there about,
And put in place by brawny arms
Of men who tilled the near-by farms,
Who came at summons, with good will,
To help to build this old-time mill.
One door below; four windows small,
Comprised the op'nings in the wall.
An o'ershot wheel, that turned outside,
The necessary power supplied.

Such was the mill my boyhood knew;
Such still, when I to manhood grew.
The old mill-house, from storms and tides
Was weather beaten on the sides;

Where through the tree-tops sunlight gleamed,
The sun-kissed ripples golden beamed.

The rains of thirty years or more,
The roof with moss had covered o'er.
Some hundred yards above the mill,
The mill-pond rested, broad and still.
Along its banks green willows grew,
And waving lindens, not a few.
Here blackbirds built their nests each year
And reared their broods; and thrushes here,
New-come from southlands far away,
Made glad with song each summer day.

Near-by, and shady trees among,
The stony highway wound along,
And horse and horseman, riding slow,
Were mirrored in the lake below.
From o'er the dam, unwilling bound,
The water poured with sullen sound;
From thence the brook, as if in play,
With merry babbling coursed its way;
Where through the treetops sunlight gleamed
The sun-kissed ripples golden beamed,
And minnows sported in the light,
Or 'mong the shadows hid from sight.

A gray-haired man, past middle age,
By all regarded as a sage,
Good-humored, full of wit and fun,
With jolly jest, or merry pun,—

To ev'ry boy and girl a friend,—
Who faithfully the mill did tend.

Newspapers scarce, events were known
Almost by oral means alone.
The happenings, both bad and good,
Occurring in each neighborhood,
Were told the miller day by day
By some who came from miles away.
With ev'ry one a confident,
E'en private messages were sent,
And ne'er did he a trust abuse;
And as dispenser of the news,
Both boys and men to him would go
For anything they wished to know,
And while they waited for their turn,
The very latest news they'd learn.

As boys, we often rambled round;
And while our "grists" were being ground
Would angle in the brook, or wade
Its shallows all the time we stayed.
A generation here had bread;
And would no better have instead.
They raised the same crops year by year
Of corn and wheat, and counted clear
The money for the surplus sold,
Supplied their wants, and all is told.

How changed are things as viewed today;
Those good old times have passed away.
The scene around that same old mill
Is hushed in silence now, and still.

The walls are standing as of yore;
The roof with moss still covered o'er;
The willows by the mill-pond grow,
And lindens green wave to and fro;
The birds with each returning spring,
Return again, and build, and sing;
The gentle brook still murmurs on
As friendly as in years agone;
But ah, the mill, its wheels turn not;
The good old miller is forgot;
He sleeps beneath the valley's green,
And in the churchyard may be seen,
In uncouth letters, on a stone,

"Good Miller Jones,
God rest his bones."

OCTOBER.

The summer months are past, and now at hand,
Are autumn's gorgeous banners o'er the land.
The red and purple pied the shining gold
Where fields of goldenrod their crests unfold;
And to the woods the little folk now hie,
Where nuts are rip'ning 'neath October sky.
Of all the months, I like October most;
Its mellow tints, and cloudless skies, a host
Of memories recall of childhood days,
The happy pastimes, and the childish plays.
In thought I search the woods with brother Joe
To find the places where the best nuts grow;
And Sister Annie, with deft fingers, weaves
Fantastic bonnets out of golden leaves.
Half dreaming, looking through the sunny glow,
Those scenes like pretty pictures come and go;
A sweet and tender feeling lulls to rest,
But wakes the sleeping loves within my breast.
My pulse is strangely quickened when I see
A pair of dark eyes gazing back at me;
And 'mid the groups a girlish form appears
Most dear to me through all the changing years.

AN OCTOBER DAY.

The cows are lowing at the barnyard gate;
The quail, in meadow, whistles to his mate;
Toward the tree-crowned hills, in noisy flight,
A flock of crows seeks shelter for the night;
Like last notes of a flute, there comes to ear
The closing day-sounds, mellow, soft and clear.
This has been brightest of October days.
To kiss the yellow fields of corn, the rays,
Last lingering, the sun sends back; the same
Light up the forests and the hills with flame,
And touch with fire the clouds low in the west,
As if to make a golden couch for rest.

This bright October day,
When first the winds blow cold,
A thousand tints display;
The green is changed to gold;
The sunlight softer beams;
Through some mysterious power,
Each tree a rosebush seems,
And ev'ry leaf a flower.

A RAINY DAY IN AUTUMN.

Patter, patter, is the tapping
On the roof, a gentle rapping
Of the falling rain.
Though a melancholy feeling
O'er my lonely heart is stealing,
I should not complain;

For the winter follows summer,
And the dead leaves without number,
Fall to earth again.
Beauty seems a fair deception,—
Life of man is no exception,—
Nothing can remain.

Gelid winds, from icy regions,
Shake the leaves in countless legions
Off the tall oak trees;
So, the dreams of youth recalling,
I can see they, too, are falling,
Like the autumn leaves.

Hopes of youth, that once I cherished,
Like the roses, now are perished;
Like the leaves, are dead.

Deep I drank from life's full measure;
But those things that gave me pleasure,
Make me sad instead.

Springtime warmth, and summer showers,
Birds will bring, and ope the flowers
As in other years.
When Death's Winter shall be ended,
Life and hope shall be extended,—
Joy succeed our tears.

BACCHUS AND PALLAS.

Proud Bacchus, on thy haughty throne
Imperial, shalt thou alone
Dominion have o'er mortal hearts,
Deceiving with enticing arts?
Force not on me thy dreaded reins,
Nor bind me with thy galling chains.
Destruction waits thy boasted joys;
Decay thy beauty soon destroys;
And all thy charms, insidious,
Fade in thy ways perfidious;
And disappointment, ultimate,
To final ruin opes the gate,
And through it all thy victims go—
Thence downward into hopeless woe.
Be it my lot in coming time,
With Pallas, Queen of reason's clime,
To dwell, and have a peaceful heart,
And know fair Wisdom's better part;
Whose charms the wise of earth engage;
Whose beauty fairer grows with age.
The rolling years before her bow,
And place but laurels on her brow.
She makes no gaudy, vain display,
But modestly points out the way.

Where Virtue leads, and Wisdom waits
To give us entrance through her gates.
No loud-voiced Revelry invites
With promise of debauching nights;
Nor Luxury stands here to please
With offer of unpurchased ease;
But rather Toil, plods up ascent,
Where many obstacles present.
But look beyond! the way grows fair!
Bright flowers are blooming over there;
Sweet birds are singing in the trees,
And music floats on ev'ry breeze.
Long life and happiness there find,
And pleasures that exalt the mind.

MY COTTAGE HOME.

After the day is over,
And all its toils are done,
Happy of heart I'll homeward
Go at the set of sun.

There are my loved ones waiting.
And will for me prepare,
In the accustomed corner,
The father's easy chair:

Where I shall rest while mother
Sets out our evening meal;
There, with my children 'round me,
Fatigue I shall not feel.

Love is our home's bright angel,
And sordid care dispels;
Labor and toil's forgotten
Where'er this spirit dwells.

Ah, let the rich, in mansions,
Enjoy their high estate;
But give to me my cottage,
And children at the gate,

Waiting to bid me welcome,
And greet me with a kiss;
Gold can not buy my pleasure,
Nor mar my home's sweet bliss.

HOME-COMING OF THE TOILERS.

The day is past, the evening shadows fall,
And spread a sombre mantle over all;
The noisy day-sounds with the sunset cease;
A quiet stillness hushes all in peace.
The weary laborers their work suspend;
To humble homes their plodding footsteps wend,
Where some in modest comforts find repose,
Exempt from sickness and domestic woes;
And where the troubled heart, and care-worn mind,
Has happy respite from the ceaseless grind
Of toil; but others only come again
To meet with poverty, disease and pain.
The first reck little how their neighbors fare;
Each thinks he has himself enough to bear.
The lights from many windows cheerful seem
As through the darkness shines each twinkling beam
In early eve: but as the night grows old,
And damp dew-laden winds blow chill and cold,
And, one by one, the lamps go out, a few
Shine sadly, on and on, the whole night through.
Some one's there watching at a dying bed,
Or keeps lone vigil o'er beloved dead;
Some loving heart is there with anguish sore;
"The never welcome guest" waits at the door.

The family affection with the poor
Is always strong; together they endure
Adversities, and share their meager joys.
Domestic interest their thought employs;
Their lot, thus circumscribed, intensifies
Their sympathies, and strengthens fam'ly ties;
Which, in a measure tends to compensate
The dull monotony of hapless fate.
E'en in the humblest breasts is found desire
For better things, to which they still aspire;
And this is well; for Hope, with kindly rays,
Lights up for them the gloom of darkest days.
The good in prospect is man's chiefest store;
Possessed, seems less in value than before.
Let righteous laws to each give equal chance,
That, by their industry, they may advance
Toward higher aims, encouraged by the thought,
That merit wins the battle to be fought.
A dastard he who, by dishonest strife,
Would hinder others in the race of life.
Calm be your rest, ye sons of toil, I pray,
For labor waits you with returning day.
To you who watch throughout the dark hours long,
Where lamps still burn, my sympathies belong.

HE SMILED.

(*Written of President McKinley.*)

Among the nation's greatest men,
The living and the dead,
Of none, by any writer's pen,
Was it more often said,—
"He smiled."

Leonic courage he displayed
When meeting duty's call;
By difficulties ne'er dismayed;
Whatever might befall,
He smiled.

No trouble came, however great,
That could disturb his poise;
He firmly held the helm of State
Without the braggart's noise—
He smiled.

The coming events, he afar,
With eagle eye beheld,
And while Progression's moving car
Prosperity compelled—
He smiled.

He little recked of praise or blame;
For Justice was the star
He followed, and secured his fame,
Which slander could not mar.—
He smiled.

In war's red light, the nations saw
Him gentle still, but strong.
When Anarchy gave place to Law,
And Right succeeded Wrong,
He smiled.

His smile benignity expressed
Unlike to other men;
A pleasing confidence impressed
On those who saw him when
He smiled.

He to the very last, 'tis said,
The same calm mind possessed;
To friends around his dying bed
He said, "God knoweth best,"
And smiled.

R. E. LEE.

No people can above ideals rise.
The characters we emulate comprise
Our estimate of what exalts the mind
And constitutes men leaders of mankind, —
True virtue, honor just, and courage strong,
Which to the justly honored great belong.
A people whose conceptions rise no higher
Than sordid gain and power, will not aspire
To heights where selfishness has no control,
And patriotic motives move the soul;
For avariciousness contracts the mind,
And dwarfs the nobler instincts of mankind.
The youth of our fair land attention claim,
We should direct them to a lofty aim.
To do this we should keep before their face,
Alway, the best and purest of our race;
In everlasting marble carve the deeds
Of those who rose to meet their country's needs;
Let speaking monuments in ev'ry town
Perpetuate their glorious renown;
And statues, too, placed ev'rywhere, inspire
The young with emulation's proud desire.
The South can boast sons courageous and bold;
Men, chivalrous, as were the knights of old;

In virtue, perfect as this world can know,
And women pure as the untrampled snow.
A priceless heritage beyond all cost,
Their history; and let it not be lost.
Let generations yet to come relate
Their deeds, and thus their fame perpetuate.
Pre-eminent, among the rest, we see
The name of him we honor, R. E. Lee.
All that was dear to southern heart and mind
Was in his matchless character combined.
His valor, patriotic, rose to tower
Above the mean ambitious love of power.
A soldier, scholar, gentleman, and more—
A Christian,—adding charm to all before.
Calm, fearless, when in battle's fury wild,
Yet kind and gentle as a little child.
In person stately, grand, commanding, tall;
God-like his princely form; Christ-like, withal.
No other general has e'er possessed
The virtues by his character expressed.
He fought in honor, while a chance still held;
Surrendered, when necessity compelled.
This record, incidents, long past, relates;
A perfect Union binds United States;
Yet, while we value virtue's high degree,
We'll cherish still the fame of R. E. Lee.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

With loving hands a bunch of flowers we lay
Upon the grave of one who wore the gray.
Right by his side, with tender rev'rence, too,
The same above his foe who wore the blue.
They fought in honor, and as heroes died;—
Not hate, they fought a question to decide.
No stone nor epitaph now marks a name
Of some who fell;—yet, still, undying fame
Records their deeds. For principle they bled.
And, therefore, let impartial honor shed
An equal glory on the Blue and Gray.
Each thought that he was right, and let him say,
Who will, which one was wrong, the noble brave
Who lie here buried, though in nameless grave,
Will still receive the meed of honor due;
Will cherished be in honest hearts and true.
Upon the mounds marked by unlettered stones,
Place brightest flowers above these nameless ones.
The Southern Cause, though lost, no thought of shame
Attaches to her sons; nor any blame
For dying in a cause they thought was just.
Unfold the Stars and Bars without distrust
In patriotic pride above your dead,
And to your balmy breezes let it spread.
They were your fathers, valiant men, and true;
Who feared dishonor, but no danger knew.

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

Among its many places of renown,
Pennswoods has Gettysburg, a little town.
Stretched out on slope of hill, this village small,
Before the war was scarcely known at all.
Had it not been for one event, its name
Obscure would be, and still unknown to fame;
But in July of eighteen sixty-three,
Immortal it became in history.
In fervid splendor rose the sun that day
'Bove Gettysburg, disclosing in array
The hostile hosts, who would by arms decide
The question, "Shall the Union still abide?"
Of old, each nation had its sacred mounts,
Whence issuing, from never failing founts,
There flowed the zeal that kept the nation's life,
And nerved the patriot arm for noble strife.
So, too, have we; King's Mountain, Bunker's Hill;—
Their mention wakes a patriotic thrill.
On them was born a nation, grand, and free.
Our fathers' blood baptized our Liberty,
And sealed the Union of United States;
Nor dreamed they sections could engender hates

That would incite their sons to mortal strife,
And place in jeopardy the Nation's life.
But poorly reckoned they. Designing, rash,
And scheming men, brought on the mighty clash
Of arms; a truly fratricidal fight;
But still each brother thought that he was right.
At Gettysburg, the war, by sanguine tide,
Declared the Union must and shall abide.
The first and second days closed, as commenced,
In deadly conflict, and unrecompensed
Reverses that the Union arms had borne,—
The lives of men that widowed hearts shall mourn.
The hot forenoon had slowly worn away
Of this, the third, the last, the fateful day.
No work decisive had as yet begun.
The marshalled armies, 'neath the burning sun,
Seemed waiting each upon the other side
To make some move their tactics to decide.
Portentous silence brooded over all.
The coming struggle might the brave appall;
For now the tide of war had reached its flood.
They saw the field of battle drenched in blood;
And each one felt that ere the setting sun,
The cause he fought for would be lost or won.
At one o'clock the Southern guns 'gan roar
In thund'rous peals, with deadly aim to pour
Upon us shot and shell, that fell in showers.
Unequal was the contest. For two hours
Our cannon answered not, and we stood still

Where cannon balls plowed Cemetery Hill.
But this was not the battle. Suddenly,
The firing ceased. Then, Lee's own company
Leaped forth from out their works, and forward came
With burnished rifles gleaming, and aflame
Their flying banners, as to beat of drum
They forward charge. The fated hour is come!
Alert and proudly sweeps the daring host,
Virginia's flower, Confed'rate pride and boast.
In double quick, their speed they do not slack,—
Lee's regiment makes the bold and fierce attack.
Against our center that attack is made.
The captains lead in front with flashing blade.
In sullen silence wait our dauntless men;—
A fearful silence,—ominous,—as when,
Before a storm, a stillness lulls the air,
Ere breaks the tempest's fury ev'rywhere.
No rifle cracks from out our shallow pit.
At intervals, in thund-rous challenge, spit
Our cannon. Hear! a shrill blood-curdling yell,
Like fiends might shriek the battle-cry of hell,
Above the mighty clang of battle floats,—
The rally shout that comes from Southern throats.
The van of enemy, our frail defense,
Havereached; in double quick at once commence
Their bold onslaught. Amid the awful din
Of clashing arms, our outposts driven in.
The enemy now all approaches gain
Unto the hill. Some of our bravest, slain.

We see our skirmishers all put to flight.
The road is reached;—and,—what now greets our sight?
The Stars and Bars in triumph waves above
The Stars and Stripes, the grand old flag we love!
Our twice twelve thousand muskets suddenly
Speak forth; as many bullets angrily
Speed swiftly from our guns at steady aim;
From out their muzzles flash bright sheets of flame;
And now the smoke is lifted, we can see
No more the once proud host of R. E. Lee.
Each one lies where he stood, no more to rise
'Til Gabriel sounds his trumpet from the skies.
But, o'er the corpses of their comrades push
The second line, like maddened beasts, and rush
Against our works; their lost ground soon retrieves;
Our men are backward swept like Autumn leaves;
The Stars and Bars in triumph waves again
Above our ramparts, o'er our fallen slain.
Our last defense is gained; and now they make
Attempt with bayonets our guns to take.
But see! both to the left and to the right,
Like forked lightning, flashes out a light!
And followed soon by such an awful sound,
As if an earthquake shook the solid ground!
Crossfire of grape, and canister, and shell;—
The Southerners are in the gates of hell!
These men no cowardice had e'er displayed;
But now, in thinning ranks, they stand dismayed.

Their daring meets at last a fearful cost.
Their flag now falls; the Southern Cause is lost.
Defeated, broke in ranks, they take to flight,
Chased by our men into descending night.

The author of this poem acknowledges indebtedness to the prose description of this battle by R. C. Biggs.

DREAMING.

Where the meadows sweet are blooming,
And the butterflies are pluming
Golden wings, in sunlight glancing,
Richly beautiful, entrancing,
I'll rest me in the shade.
From the nearby willow bushes
Come the songs of tuneful thrushes,
Where all fearless they are trilling,
And the turtle doves are billing
Above their nests new-made.

Like a thread of silver, wending
Through the water lilies bending,
Flows the brook, in brightness gleaming,
While I sit here thinking—dreaming—
Awake, but yet I dream.
Balmy breezes, perfume laden
With the breath of Sylvan maiden,
Fan my brow, and whisper stories
Of the verdant landscape's glories
Of wood, and field, and stream.

Humming bees 'mid air investing;
Rustling leaves 'bove where I'm resting;

While these things my mind is noting,
Rural sounds come softly floating
Like far off tinkling bells.
O'er my senses calmly stealing,
Is a quiet, peaceful feeling
Of repose, that is excluding
Troublous thoughts that were intruding,
And all my care dispels.

Other scenes with this are blending
In my mem'ry; thought, extending
Back to other times and places,
Brings to mind the well-known faces
Of friends in years gone by;
Father, brothers, sisters, mother,
Plain as life; and then another,
Whom I loved with pure affection
In my boyhood, ere defection
Had time our love to try.

Eyes she had like stars for brightness;
Footsteps like the fawn's for lightness;
In her lily fairness glowing
Rosy health; her tresses flowing,
In ringlets of pure gold,
From a head of queenly bearing,
Proudly poised, and yet not daring,
Gentleness with pride so blending
As to please without offending:
Was fearless, yet not bold.

Free as birds we played together,
Searched the meadows and the heather
For their choicest blooms and treasures;
Comrade of my youthful pleasures,
I see thee now, most fair!
Innocence thy chiefest dower,
Like the odor of a flower;
Modesty, which naught defaces,
Shows in all thy comely graces,
And rosebuds in thy hair.

Intervening years of sadness
Since those sunny days of gladness,
Have, to me, brought time's mutations;
Broken are those dear relations,
And all alone I seem.
Like a thread of silver, wending
Through the water lilies bending,
Flows the brook, in brightness gleaming,
While I sit here—thinking—dreaming—
Awake, but yet I dream.

A SUMMER DAY IN TENNESSEE.

The lofty canopy of heaven is bright;
No cloud to darken the ethereal blue;
Far over the fields in the glimmering light,
Are objects of beauty presented to view.

The sloping hillsides, and the valleys between,
The woodlands beyond them, and the mountains high,
The cultivated lands, and the meadows green,
In all make a picture description defy.

The clear, rippling waters of the babbling brooks,
That sparkle and dance over each pebbly bed,
Seem kindly inviting to their shady nooks,
Where grand elm trees leafy and broad branches spread.

The neat-looking farmhouses stand here and there,
Surrounded with lawns and many shade trees tall,
Bespeak that within there is comfort and cheer,
Contentment and peace, and a welcome for all.

The ripe fields of grain wave in the sun like seas
Of pure yellow gold; and the green corn, close by,
Makes a rustling music in the summer breeze,
The long flashing blades, trembling, dazzle the eye.

OVER THE SEA.

Waiting and watching as moments go by —
Fruitless, it may be, but still do we wait;
Waiting and watching we listen and sigh—
Mocking, the winds answer, silent is fate.

Sailed the good ship on a morning's fair dawn;
Canvas spread wide, and gay pennons all bright—
Songs from the sailors, and then they were gone—
Sailing away toward the East's rosy light.

Bright was each eye, and quite hopeful each heart,
When from their loved ones they had to depart;
Tender the good-byes, but spoken in cheer;
Joyous the farewells, with never a tear.

Years have since passed, but they do not return.
Worn with the watching, and broken with care,
Where we last saw them, our weeping eyes turn,
Yielding almost to our grief and despair.

In flows the tide at the close of the day—
Empty shells only has it brought back to me—
And, the good ship, sailing far, far away,
Lingers yet somewhere still over the sea.

Night comes apace, and its darkness but brings
Thought of the dear ones departed from me;
Doubt o'er my mind its dark mysteries flings—
Long I for tidings from over the sea.

THE VIOLET.

In springtide's gentle warmth is born
A flower that steals our hearts away;
Its petals purple April morn,
And beautify the month of May.

To culture it responds full well;
But wild and free, on green hillsides.
In woodland shades, in ferny dell,
From very modesty it hides.

This little flower we often send,
Frought with its own sweet sentiment
Of love and truth, to far off friend,
Who in it reads the story sent.

Its tender petals symbolize
The emblem which we would impart;
They speak of gentleness, and eyes
Of blue, a true and loving heart.

Although its beauty soon shall wither,
Its perfume lost, to dust decayed,
The message, that it did deliver,
In mem'ry's casket cannot fade.

The warm south winds, the breath of spring,
The grass, the dew, the blushing day,
And birds of song, it welcome bring—
I wish it had a longer stay.

But then, perhaps, if all the year
It grew and blossomed in the light,
Its worth would not so much appear,
Its beauty cease to please our sight.

When often sung, a song grows old;
The use, the usefulness forgets;
When lost, their value we behold;
Then come, too late, the sad regrets.

BENEATH THE RAFTERS.

Oft we turn in our thoughts to the nights
  When we slept 'neath the rafters up stairs
In our old country home, ere the flight
  Of the years brought a burden of cares.

In the spring, when the whippoorwill's call
  To his mate broke the stillness of night,
It was easy in slumber to fall
  And to sleep 'til the morning was bright.

In the summer, the soft evening air,
  And the low drowsy humming curfew
Of night-sounds, called to bed, and upstairs,
  'Neath the rafters, sleep came as the dew.

In the autumn, the winds rushing sound
  'Round the eaves, through the trees, in their sweep,
Made our slumber more deep and profound,
  And their noise only lulled us to sleep.

In the winter wrapt up in the fold
  Of our blankets in bed warmly dight,
'Neath the rafters we thought not of cold,
  And we slept through the long winter night.

'Neath the rafters upstairs, when the rain
Pattered down on the roof 'bove our bed
In a sleepy drip-drip, we have lain
Until slumber had pillowed our head.

Of the many fond memories kept
In our minds, most delightful now seems
Recollections of times when we slept
'Neath the rafters, and dreamed pleasant dreams

And how happy, if only once more
To our home we could go once again,
'Neath the rafters to sleep as of yore,
And to hear the drip-drip of the rain.

TRANSITORYS.

The pretty flower that blooms today
  Has never bloomed before;
So prize it dearly while you may,
  For it will bloom no more.

E'en while you gazed upon the rose,
  Its rainbow tints to view,
The jealous sun looked on, and smiled—
  But drank the pearly dew.

Kiss tenderly the dimpled cheek
  Of childhood, while you can;
Mar not the joys of happy youth;
  It lasteth but a span.

The sun will rise tomorrow morn
  As in the days gone by;
But yet 'twill be another day,
  Some change in earth and sky.

What signifies our griefs or joys,
  That cannot last us long;
Our sighs are lost upon the wind,
  Our laughter and our song.

Yet, though we change as do the days,
  We live to never die;
Our loves, our hopes, if pure and true,
  Are endless, by and by.

MOTHER'S VACANT CHAIR.

She who loved you as no other,
And was ever true and kind,
Has departed; thou wilt never
Such a friend as mother find.

In the wayward years of childhood,
When your footsteps might have strayed,
Watched she ever, patient, tender,
While you slept, and while you played.

In the lonely hours of night-times,
While you slumbered free from care,
Down beside your bedside kneeling,
Breathed she there a silent prayer;

Angels hovered in your chamber,
Tempted thither by her love;
Her petition, spoke in whispers,
Reached the throne of God above.

When your head ached from a fever,
Hard your pillow did appear;
None could soften it like mother,
And no voice like hers, so dear.

When in trouble and in sorrow,
You to mother took your grief,
In her sympathizing counsels
You have ofttimes found relief.

Keep in mem'ry all her teaching,
In your heart her words enshrined;
For, in future years, when troubled,
All these things will come to mind.

Follow, now, her bright example;
Learn the Savior to obey;
Meet your mother in the morning
Of the Resurrection Day.

In the home you'll miss her sadly;
You will miss her ev'ry where;
Ev'ry time her room you enter,
You will see her vacant chair.

Gently fold her pale thin fingers
Soft upon her pulseless breast;
Close her eyes with gentle pressure—
Place her for her final rest.

Take a last look at your mother;
Once more kiss her snow-white brow,
Ere the grave shall hide her from thee.
Mother's chair is vacant now.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

There is a fair angel, with countenance bright,
And face like the morning in garments of light,
And pure as the dew-drops by starlight distilled;
With innocence, virtue, and loveliness filled,
Appointed to guard us, and holding control,
In joy or in sorrow still over the soul.
If man follows on in the way where she leads,
He'll find in her smile all the comfort he needs.
Adversities, troubles, and trials, may come;
E'en Death, without warning, may enter his home,
And rob him of wife, or of children, or friends;
Calamities darkling, like merciless fiends,
May crowd in his pathway and walk by his side,
And every form of ill fortune betide;
His dearest loved friendships may treacherous prove;
This angel still smiling his course to approve,
His soul, in responding, exultant with joy,
Will feel a sweet comfort that naught can destroy;
But he who forsakes this fair guardian friend,
Shall find that illusions his way will attend.
What promised him pleasure, will bring only pain;
The joys all departing, regrets will remain;
His course, though beginning, enticingly fair,
He finds it, now ending in darksome despair.

L of C.

Though earthly misfortunes in this have no part,
Still misery enters and dwells in his heart;
For what is the smiling of fortune or friend?
When conscience accuses, remorse will descend.
His soul, now a coward, will tremble before
The frown of this angel, who smiles never more.
In vain does he seek for the sympathy cold
A feelingless world is so prone to withhold;
In vain does he drink the inebriate's cup.
Which adds to his sorrow at every sup.
The frown of his angel but darker grows still,
And haunts him forevermore, do what he will.

NIGHT BRINGS OUT THE STARS.

The lesser lights, in haste, retire,
When on his chariot of fire
Apollo rides, as if in fear;
For he will brook no rival near.
Proud and alone he mounts the sky;
Far hence the 'frighted shadows fly;
Night folds her curtains, hastes away
Before the blazing Car of Day;
The veils of vapor slowly lift
From off the valleys, idly drift
Away in fleecy folds to rest
In golden fringe on mountain crest.
As if from sleep, all things awake,
And into active forces break
The vital energies of life—
The daily turmoil, toil, and strife,
As well as song or budding flower—
For all are struggling 'gainst the power
Of Irresistable decay;
Earth's fairest forms yield to its sway.
I like the Day's bright golden light;
But love much more the restful night.
Day shows Earth's beauty and its scars;
But Night alone brings out the stars.
When passing 'neath affliction's rod,

'Tis then the promises of God,
In sorrow's night, more brightly glow
To light the pathway of our woe.
When Fortune smiles, we oft recline,
And fail to note the day's decline;
Forgetful, do not comprehend
That ev'ry day in night must end.
All self-sufficient, we despise
The very things which we should prize.
The flatterer esteemed a friend;
And false, for true, we oft commend.
A home by gentleness made sweet,
Where love and friendship kindly greet,
Should be the object of our cares;
For there the toil-worn heart repairs,
When buffeted by troublous waves,
To seek the sympathy it craves.
The little child we chide today,
And from our presence send away
In wrathful mood, if death should come
For it, how dark would be our home;
Then, when too late, we should regret
The cruel words we can't forget.
The things which we should cherish most
More precious are when they are lost.
The garish light our sight debars,
And night alone brings out the stars.

UNVOICED MELODY.

Come, Muse, Divine, teach me to sing
  An unknown melody;
And tune my lyre, that ev'ry string
  May be in harmony.

I hear the music in my soul:
  Each heart-chord, vibrant, feels
Its touch and power; beyond control
  Its sweetness o'er me steals.

I hear it, as if from afar,
  Like far off tinkling bells,
When ends a summer day, and star
  Of Evening night foretells.

In springtide's morn, o'er hill and dell,
  Upon the vernal breeze,
All perfume laden with the smell
  Of flowers and budding trees,

Comes wafted chorus, many-voiced,
  With notes of mating bird
In woodland shade because rejoiced
  O'er new-built nest, and heard,

Commingling with the dove's refrain,
The maiden's happy lay,
The ans'ring plaint of love-lorn swain,
And children at their play.

The sunlight seems a brighter gold,
And falls in softer sheen
Where opening petals flowers unfold
Amid a fresher green.

With all of this, the low sweet strain
That echoes in my heart
In softest cadence, will remain,
Distinctively, apart.

On summer's eve, when slowly fades
The landscape from our sight,
And twilight, with its length'ning shades,
Precedes the dewy night,

Like in some mystic shadow-land,
Things real do not seem,
And changed, as with a magic wand—
The substance of a dream.

The slumbrous night-wind gently sings
A music sweet and low,
And coming, whisp'ring on its wings,
Voices of long ago:

And with them, almost, but 'tis not
The song within my heart;
I know it, yet I have forgot—
The words I cannot start.

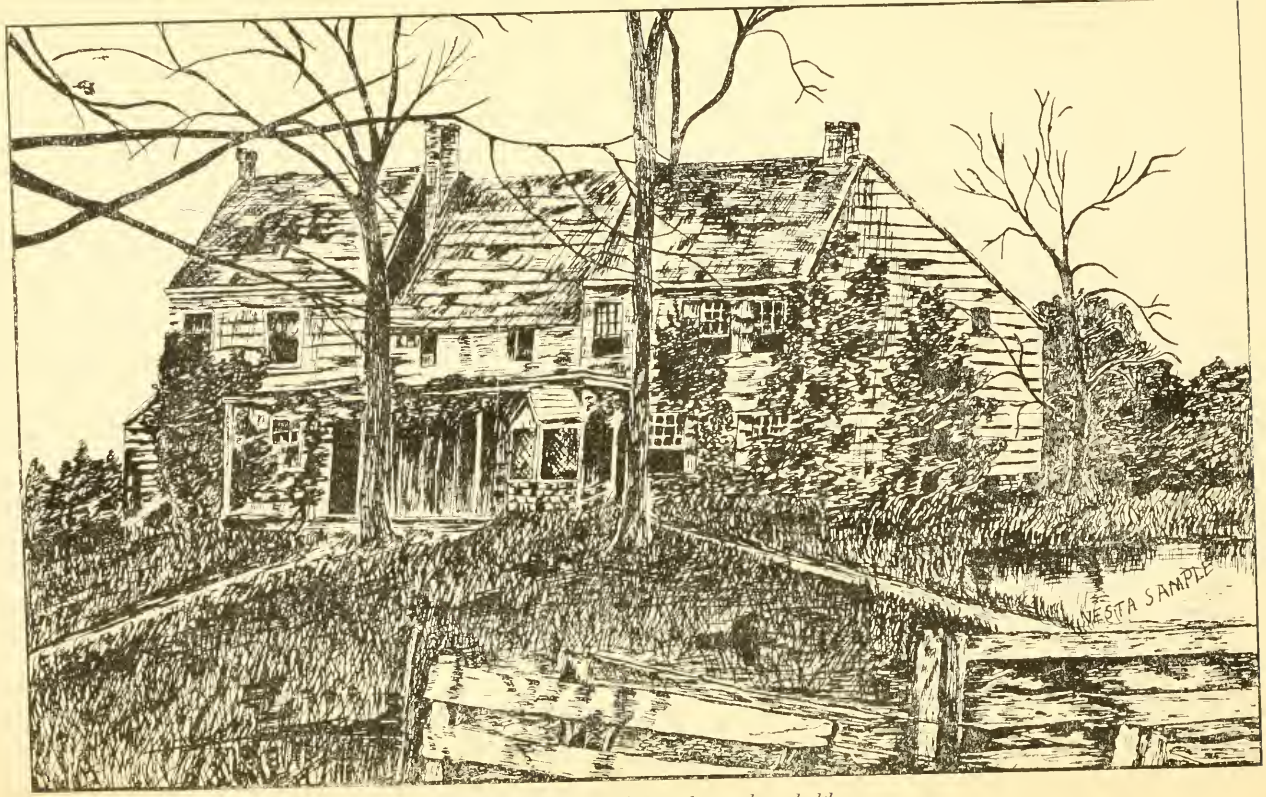
Bright Autumn's golden banners show
In many-hued array,
And wood and field, now all aglow,
A thousand tints display.

The sunlight has a warmth in look,
But still the air is chilled;
The daisies dead beside the brook;
The pretty flowers are killed;

The birds of song, by flight, have fled
To south-lands far away;
They could not sing where flowers are dead,
And so they would not stay.

I hear the North Wind's moaning sound,
As leaves fall thick and fast,
In flut'ring eddies to the ground,
Seared by the chilling blast.

Ah, surely this is not the song
My heart would sing? but still,
'Mid Autumn's requiem, more strong
I feel its wondrous thrill,



Where stands some house, decayed, and old,
Vines tangling o'er the door,
Untenanted, with hearthstones cold,
Sweet childhood's home no more.

Than when, in joyous spring, I heard
The birds; or quiet ease
Of Summer's shades, when breezes stirred
The foliage of the trees.

The fields are brown; the trees are bare;
And Winter's icy breath
Spreads desolation ev'ry where,
And universal death.

The storm-clouds glower in leaden sky,
And o'er the dreary waste,
The howling winds go shrieking by,
Destructive in their haste;

And where some naked frowning form
Of ivy-mantled tower
Lifts up its height against the storm
In stony-columned power,

Where stands some house, decayed, and old,
Vines tangling o'er the door,
Untenanted, with hearthstones cold—
Sweet childhood's home no more—

Or where the ghost-like trees appear,
And barren boughs implore
Some pity, there it is we hear
The tempest's loudest roar.

'Tis now I almost catch the strain!
Much louder than before!
I hear, but wanting words again,
I cannot voice it more.

So close the door; shut out the storm;
Shut out the Winter's cold;
And make the room all snug and warm,
As in the days of old.

I'll rest me in my fav'rite chair.
'Tis Winter now with me.
Earth's music, flowers, all that's fair,
I neither hear nor see.

Some whom I love are near my side;
But ah, they are not all;
And as the firelight shadows glide
And flicker on the wall,

Responsive spirit feels the touch
Of kindred beings near;
And faces that I loved so much,
In memory appear:

And floating from the spirit land,
I hear the song again,
Which human speech cannot command—
It is no mortal strain.

So close the door; shut out the storm;
Shut out the winter's cold;
And make the room all snug and warm
As in the days of old.

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